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Temperance.

From the Messenger and Recorder.

"The Great Red Dragon."

Mr. Editor: I congratulate you upon the publication of the address of the Temperance Convention at Fairmont, in one of your recent issues, and have been waiting to see it call forth a wide and hearty response. The Address is one for the times—condensed, argumentative, clear and convicting. It certainly does honor to the authors and I hope it may be fully digested, especially by all Christian churches. You also promise us an address from the vigorous pen of Eld. C. Keyes, and these I hope will be the opening up of a full discussion of this important subject in all our churches and Associations, until, as a body, the Baptists of Western Virginia shall be cleared of the foul imputation of harboring the makers or vendors of this soul-killing alcohol within their borders.

Many in the Church find fault with the organization of Temperance associations out of it, and yet oppose all efforts to bring the influence of Zion to bear against the evil, by dealing with drinkers and sellers within the field. Now, I should like to see their arguments for such a course upon paper. I desire much to see the Church waked up to this question, to see it agitated and discussed until truth shines among all our members, and the abominations of liquor selling and drinking are abundantly disclosed.

This is needed. On every side we see members, and in some instances ministers, apologizing for liquor and its devotees. The press, religious and secular; the pulpit and forum of other parts, are far in advance of these instruments of reform among us, and consequently they are lessening the mass of mind around them with the high moral sentiments of the age upon this important subject.

The Church of the living God is committed to high responsibilities on this subject, for she professes to be the Light of the World! If then the light that should be in her becomes darkness, by the silence of her ministry and members, how great is that darkness.

The Church has ever been in the forefront of every great moral reform, she is their greatest, most invulnerable ally, and I long to see her everywhere marshalling her legions, and going to the front and engaging in the thickest of this battle with the powers of darkness, for the rescue of the debased and unfortunate of our race, and the training of the rising generation in the paths of virtue and sobriety.

For this purpose the ministry must first sound the alarm. They are "the Watchmen," and if, when they see the sword coming, they cry not and warn the people, their blood will be required at their hands. So long as they wait until it is popular, for fear of losing place or favor, they may expect the blighting curse of God to rest on Zion for their sins, while the flood of death continues to sweep its victims to the pit.

So long as churches countenance ministers who will not face the enemy, and fill the branches of Zion, so long will they be withered branches of the tree of God, despised and rejected of men, without the favor of the Lord or the influence of the gospel. May these opening notes of the trumpet tongue of truth find a company whose motto is legion, ready for this great battle in behalf of truth and humanity.

A VOUCHER FOR THE SERVICE.

Religious & Moral.

They pitched their Tents toward Sodom.

The story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is one in which most readers of the Bible have been interested. The unhappy connection of Lot with it is well calculated to excite our sympathies. The story is as instructive as it is touching.

When Abraham, desirous of peace, gave Lot choice of the land, he lifted up his eyes and saw all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, and for this reason he chose it. He dwelled in the cities of the plain and pitched his tent toward Sodom.

His motive was gain. He chose a rich, but wicked country. There he lost spiritual comfort; vexed his righteous soul with the inhabitants; ruined his children in the midst of an idolatrous people, with whom they intermarried; became involved in the destruction of those cities; was guilty of the sin of incest; and his posterity, to the remotest generations, have not returned to a knowledge of the true God. He committed his grand error when he pitched his tent toward Sodom.

We often meet with individuals whose conduct leads us to say within ourselves, they are pitching their tents toward Sodom.

The man who in any way sacrifices moral good and spiritual ends, for physical and temporal advantages, is pitching his tent towards Sodom. The man of family who leaves a religious community and Christian privileges, and carries his family, merely for purposes of gain, into a country where there are no Sabbaths nor sanctuaries, where the influences are against religion, where his children will have the children of profane men as their only companions, and will, of course, marry ungodly husbands and wives, will find, after a while, that he has pitched his tent toward Sodom.

The Christian man who sacrifices principle to interest, and who makes the law of the Lord a variable thing, is pitching his tent towards Sodom. A gentleman, an elder of the Presbyterian church, some years since opened a hotel in a country village. He did it to support his family, and it was right; but then, to secure custom, he departed from Christian principles, and kept an open bar. In a few years he died, leaving a widow and several sons. The hotel was kept up, and his sons attended at the bar. The sons of that man all became drunkards; they squandered his property, and his widow is now sustained by the benevolence of the church. He was a good man, but he pitched his tent towards Sodom.

The young man who commences the indulgence of bad habits is pitching his tent towards Sodom. He may love a social glass; he may prefer the society of the vicious; he may indulge in an occasional game of cards; he may go to the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. In all this he may see no great evil; but after a time, unless arrested by God's providence and grace, he finds himself bound in the strong chain of habit, vexed by evil passions, a suitable subject to have dwelt in ancient Sodom, and ere long to take up his abodes in those regions of which Sodom and Gomorrah are but an emblem.

Finally, every impenitent sinner has pitched his tent toward Sodom, because he chooses to dwell in the cities of the plain; because he is travelling to a place over which the storms of God's wrath are gathering; and because he must soon be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, unless he flee unto the mountains, and tarry not in all the plain. Reader! hast thou pitched thy tent towards Sodom? Watchman and Observer.

THE BIBLE BETTER THAN PISTOLS.—The Rev. Mr. Washburn, Bible agent for Connecticut, in his last report, relates the following fact:—"One donor, who is a stranger to the hope of the gospel, told me that he had resolved to aid in giving the Bible to the world, as long as he had the means to do so. He thought it indispensable to the security of property and the rights of man. He said he once heard an irreligious and profane man, whose business required him to be often among strangers, say, that he always carried his pistols with him, and usually laid them under his pillow at night; but when he saw a Bible in the house, that had the appearance of being well used, he never took his pistols from his valise."

The Vestry of Trinity Church, N. Y., have commenced a New Church, near Madison Square, which in size and architectural beauty, will surpass any other edifice of the kind in Gotham.

One good Word every Day.

A good word is one which does some one good; it may be a word of teaching, a word of warning, or a word of truth and love. Speak one such word at least every day.

Our days are few at best; certainly no one of them should pass without an opening of the lips for God. Who can tell the effects of a single sentence, uttered with faith and prayer. It may reach to thousands; it may reach into eternity. As wave moves wave in the ocean, so one word of grace may reach from mind to mind, and thus be producing effects long after the tongue which uttered it shall have turned to dust. Never despair of being useful so long as you have the gift of speech.—If you can say nothing else, you may at least repeat some blessed text of scripture; this may save a soul. That child, that servant, that visitor, that stranger may praise God in Heaven for the truth heard from you. "Let your speech be seasoned with salt." Keep the heart full, and you will have something to say. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Every day the ungodly are uttering fatal words, kindling bad passions, and destroying souls. Every day, therefore, all Christians should be saying something for Christ. Many a time, through grace, a single saying has been blessed to the awakening of a soul. Pray for help to devise and utter such things every day of your life, as may lead those who hear you, to faith in your Redeemer.

THE MISSIONARY HYMN.—A writer in the New York Independent has made the following interesting statement.

"A gentleman gave a description of the original manuscript of the missionary hymn, which he had seen in Bishop Heber's handwriting, in the possession of Dr. Raffles of Liverpool. The story of its origin is that just before his embarkation for India, Bishop Heber was engaged to preach a missionary sermon, when the minister of the place told him the choir had no suitable hymn to sing, and begged the Bishop to write one for them. He sat down at once and wrote this glorious hymn, of which the first draft was so perfect, that there is only one alteration of a word. The line that now reads—

"The heathen in his blindness," first stood—

"The pagan in his blindness."

How many thousand missionary meetings have been enlivened and elevated and incited to new zeal and hope, by singing this hymn.

When do we know Christ?

When we think as Christ thought, do as Christ did, live as he lived; when, like him, we are patient, meek and humble, are about our Father's business, are heavenly minded; when, like him, our wills are lost in the will of God; when we sympathize with the suffering, raise the fallen, comfort the afflicted, forgive as we hope to be forgiven; when we feel that, and do thus, then we know Christ; then we are united to him, as the branch is united to the vine; then we know what it is to have our lives hid with Christ in God. Young disciple is his your commencement? glorious will be the consummation.

REPLY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"The gallant Duke" lately met a young clergyman, who, being aware of his Grace's former residence in the East, and his familiarity with the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindus in supporting their religion, gravely proposed the following question: "Does not your Grace think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the gospel to the Hindus?"—The Duke immediately rejoined, "Look sir, to your marching orders. 'Preach the gospel to every creature.' (Mark xvi 15.)"

A Maine paper says that the Supreme Court of that State, now in session at Augusta, has decided that liquor cannot be seized in transit, and that all persons have the right to transport liquor at pleasure, unless it can be proved that such liquors are intended for sale.

The great iron works at Boonton, New Jersey, are advertised for sale by the sheriff. These works have been in operation some twenty-two years, and have paid out for labor an average of about \$240,000 annually.

Hon. Daniel Baldwin, of Montpelier, Vt., had a daughter who became very deaf at three years of age, and remained so until eighteen. She was then cured by onion and tobacco juice. The tobacco was placed within the onion, which was then roasted, and the juice was dropped into the ear.

POETRY.

From the Messenger and Recorder.

ODE TO MY FATHER.

Thou, while I was very young,
Who taught my heart from sin to turn,
Art gone to Heaven;
Gone to a better world above,
To bask in God's eternal love,
Where the angel spirits sing,
Eternal anthems to their King.

Thou whose heart did always yearn,
For all who wisdom's ways did spurn,
From us was taken;
Taken from all cares and toils,
Taken from this earth's turmoil,
To the spirit land on high,
Where the happy never sigh.

Thou who taught me how to sing
The praises of my Heavenly King,
Art here no longer.
Thy voice no longer heard in prayer,
Thy soul no longer pressed with care
For thy offspring—children dear,
Which God had given to thee here.

Since we were left for thee to mourn,
A sister from us, too, was borne,
To happy Canaan.

Death's pale angel from above,
Commissioned by the God of love,
Hath taken her for whom we mourn,
Till we are called like her to come.

EMMET.

LONG BEACH, O., JUNE 18, 1852.

WHAT SHALL I ASK?

A Benediction for a Babe.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What blessing shall I ask for thee,
In the sweet dawn of infancy?
—That which our Saviour at his birth
Brought down with him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years
Of sunshine, smiles, and rainbow tears?
—That which in Him all eyes might trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth,
When falsehood walks abroad as truth?
—By that good Spirit to be led,
Which John saw resting on His head.

What in temptations wilderness,
When wants assail and fears oppress?
—To wield like him the Scripture-sword,
And vanquish Satan by "the Word."

What, in the labor, pain, and strife,
Combats and cares of daily life?
—In His cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay His head.

What in the agony of heart,
When foes rush in and friends depart?
—To pray like Him the Holy One,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

What, in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath?
—Like Him your spirit to commend,
And up to paradise ascend.

What in the grave, and in that hour,
When even the grave shall lose its power?
—Like Him, your rest awhile to take;
Then at the trumpet's sound awake,
Him as He is in heaven to see,
And as He is yourself to be.

Miscellaneous.

Child Stealing in Rome.

The following is related by a correspondent of the N. Y. Observer, writing from Rome, March 23d.

A day or two since, a lad the son of an American artist—the well-known illustrator of Harper's Illustrated Bible—was missing. The domestic, a most devoted catholic, protested her ignorance of her whereabouts, the lad's little brother was called, and, in his innocence remarked that he guessed he was at the convent. This was the first intimation the parents had that their children had ever visited the convent.

They sent for Hon. Mr. Cass, who took the boy with him, and went, in his ordinary dress to the convent. The manner in which the inmates gathered round and welcomed the boy, convinced Mr. Cass that the boy had often been there, and led him to believe that the brother would be found there.

He inquired for him, but the Superior stoutly affirmed that he was not in the convent.—Mr. Cass requested to be shown through the establishment. His request was granted, but no boy was found. Mr. C. then noticed a passage leading to another building, or another part of the building. He insisted on being taken thither. Hearing a noise in a room as he passed along, he opened a door, and

found a priest or two at table and a seat just vacated. He insisted that it was the seat of the lost boy. The priest denied it. Mr. Cass then made himself known as the Representative of the United States, and pretty distinctly intimated that some of Jonathan's thunder would be put in requisition if the boy was not forthcoming immediately. The boy was then brought forth from an adjoining room, and restored by Mr. Cass to the anxious parents. Such are the facts. Make your comments.

Is it the Doctor's Cat?

An article appeared some time since the late flood, in a newspaper, stating that a doctor's office was seen floating down the Monongahela, in Virginia, during the high water.—Its bottles of tinctures and jars of salves, with other characteristic contents were in their places, though no human hand appeared to minister to suffering humanity. And yet the office was not without a living occupant. Placely seated in a conspicuous place, a solitary cat having been seen taking perchance its last voyage of discovery. The ark moved on, borne on the bosom of the restless stream, until, lost in the distance, sympathy itself ceased to follow the luckless navigator! And yet, perhaps, not entirely luckless; for, while the waters were retreating from the bosom of the town of Webster, leaving an immense deposit of saw logs, mill wheels, barrels, fence rails, roofs, and sundry other articles, the bitter complaints of a poor, ship-wrecked cat were heard! A sympathetic young man clambered over the promiscuous difficulties that lay in his way, until he found the half-drowned and worse frightened object of his adventurous search. The poor fellow was taken into good quarters, and has become happily domesticated in my house. He seems to be doing well without the nostrums he may have lost. But is he the Doctor's cat?—He is a little remarkable, having both ears cropped, and is of a yellow tabby color. If he be the veritable shop-keeper, so long and perilously sustaining his post, the Doctor can have his trusty friend by application to the subscriber.

JAMES G. SAXSON.

Webster, Pa.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A Distinguished physician in Massachusetts, one related to the editor of the New York Mirror an instance of the prevention of hydrophobia, after the bite of a dog known to be rabid, by salivation with mercury. We are reminded of this by finding in a Southern paper the statement of a writer, who says that in the county of Powhatan, Va., in August, 1797, he saw a servant boy of his father's seized by a mad dog, which bit him in a dozen places, inflicting ghastly wounds. An eminent physician being sent for, had his wounds washed with castile soap, and a plaster of mercurial ointment applied to the wounds. Calomel pills were administered in the interim, causing salivation. The boy recovered, and was living a few years ago, never having manifested the slightest symptoms of hydrophobia. A horse and two cows known to have been bitten by the same dog, the ensuing day went mad and died.

The Canton (Ohio) Repository states that about two weeks since, a boy named Levi Carbaugh, of Pike township, aged 14 years, was badly bitten on both arms, by a dog. Fearing the dog to be mad, some remedies were used. On Wednesday last he felt unwell; on Thursday was taken with a paroxysm, and died that night in all the horrors incident to that dreadful disease. The same dog had bitten some cattle, which became rabid and were killed.

INTERMARRIAGE OF BLOOD RELATIONS.

Hear what the editor of the Fredericksburgh News says about the matter.

"In the country in which we were raised, for many generations back, a certain family of wealth and respectability have intermarried until there cannot be found in three of them a sound man or woman. One of them has sore eyes, an other scrofula, a third is idiotic, a fourth blind, a fifth bandy legged, a sixth with a head about as big as a turnip—not one out of the number exempt from physical or mental defects of some kind. Yet this family perseveres to intermarry with each other, with these living monuments constantly before them."

A South Carolina religious paper, appealing in behalf of the slaves, says:—I hazard the assertion that throughout the bounds of our Synod, (South Carolina and Georgia,) there are at present 100,000 slaves speaking the same language as ourselves, who never heard of the plan of salvation by a Redeemer."

Humorous.

COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

We have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms, revealed the latent flame, and Col. Crickley once followed a fat buck all one afternoon, and wounded him, at last came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing that the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild ones, and then, by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove that intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it," muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse. "Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with an air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, wouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time; any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too high. If he was fifty rods off, instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I would willingly give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered, in some confusion—

"That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and it's a bargain."

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How much is the horse worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's your 'X'!"

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering—

"Hanged if I thought you'd take me up."

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled.—The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

Crack! went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which we will not repeat. Sam was astonished.—The Colonel laughed. Old Roan did not stir!

instantly.

Radway's Ready Relief acts like a charm in all cases of chills and fever; it breaks the chills immediately, warms up and invigorates with health and strength every organ and secretion of the system.

PAINS OF ALL KINDS.

Whenever you feel pain, apply Radway's Ready Relief. It is sure to relieve you in a few minutes. If you have pains in the stomach, intestines, in the liver, kidneys, bowels, joints, and bones, Radway's Ready Relief, taken internally or applied externally, will in a few minutes stop pain and quickly remove its cause.

Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

RADWAY'S MEDICATED SOAP.

A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!

Drake was livid.

"Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Mr. Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here!" growled the old man, "I'm bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away!" cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away, with deadly aim, too, but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage

and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake. "The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and I kin do it agin. By old Harry, Colonel, you kin laugh, but I'll bet thirty dollars I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted.—The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making an 'X' into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and an even buckskin patch, and loaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock at the bottom of the old wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground, convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill-humor, and the mutilated condition of the rifle-stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news, which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out," growled the angry old man. "I don't want to hear any of your news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But, father, it's such a trick!"

"Blas't you and your tricks."

"Played off on the Colonel."

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested.—

"Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out to look for deer—"

"Hang the deer! come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but tho't we must shoot something, so Jed banded away at the Colonel's old Roan—"

shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan!" thundered the hunter. "By old Harry, Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's horse?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"Devil! devil!" groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! fancy the Colonel going to catch him! ho! ho! ho!—wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

"It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By old Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse for half an hour at ten dollars a shot!"

A Sensible Landlord.

A little incident transpired some weeks ago at one of our Frankfort hotels, which under the present temperance excitement is worthy of notice. The names of the party we shall withhold from the public for shame's sake.

A little girl entered the tavern, and in pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents.

"Eight cents," said the tavern keeper. "What does your mother want with eight cents? I don't owe her anything."

"Well," said the child, "Father sends all his money here for rum, and he have had nothing to eat to-day, so I other wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer standing at the bar, looked at the child and then at the landlord, and said very gruffly, "D—n the brat—kick her out."